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Half of this column belongs to R. L. Newsom, and when paid for it gives him a considerable paid up interest in The Reschanting News, and if customers flock to him as freely as on former advertisements, no doubt he will be able to pay for it.

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## BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

VOL. VIII. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1884.

Written for The Breckenridge News. A FOND ADIEU. NY J. W. M.

Adicul adicul dear scenes of childhood, Where bloomed the roses long ago; Where oft I wandered through the wildwood, And plucked the flowers that brightly grew.

Along the banks of old Rough River, Or Rock Lick's smooth and placid flow; Thoughtless then, as childhood ever, That e'er my heart a pang would know.

Light my step, nor thought I over That life would prove a dreary sea; Not dreaming e'er that fate might sever Friendship's ties so dear to me.

Friendship, yes; for in my boyhood Kindness reaped a str: reward,
If gratitude in heart of childhood
Could e'er repay true kindne s shared.

Forget them? No, I will not ever,
Friends who aided long ago
With books a struggling boy, who never
Could to a wealthy parent go, And seek the aid he so much needed. From a willing hand to share, For such demands could not be heeded. By those who had no alms to spare.

Years have come and since departed, And so have those I loved so well; Like autumn leaves brown and blighted

Drooping in the woodland dell. She that I loved with youthful ardor, Has passed beyond the turbid river, And bade to me a long adicu.

And other friends had gone before her, Yes, a mother went before, Across the same dark, rolling river, And waited on the other shore.

But why repine, or droop in sorrow? One by one, they drop from view; Living to-day, they die to-morrow, And fade from earth like morning dew,

To live again in sweet communion With the friends that went before, And there, in bonds of sweet reunion,

Sing His praises evermore. Adieu! dear scenes of early childhood; Adieu! those friends I loved of yore; Adien! ye roses of the wildwood;

I will never see thee more Until we meet beyond the river, Where the Heavenly violets grow; Elysian fields to range forever, Brighter far than these below.

Adieu! ye scenes of youth's ambition; Adicul the home I loved of yore; Whato'er my fate or changed condition, I will love thee evermore. PATTIEVILLE, Ohio County, Ky.

## UNDER THE RED FLAG.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER X.

It is morning, dim, early morning, dawn pink and pearl-colored above the housetops, an odor of verdure, of lilacs and acacias, in the fresh, sweet air; and Kathleen wanders up and down the Avenue d'Italie, always coming back to that house which has been used as a prison by Citizen Serizier, the leader of the 101st battalion. the massacre. She has heard how these harmless Dominican Fathers were hunted down, slaughtered like sheep in the shambles. It is after much questioning that she hears from a woman in one of the houses opposite the prison that there was another victim, one who was neither Dominican nor subordinate of the Dominican school -a young man, handsome, with dark hair and eyes. He would have escaped in the melee, only he lost time in trying to save Father Captier, the prior; and it was only when the prior had fallen, when the fathers had been shot down all along the street, that this noble youth had turned to fly. And then, like a young antelope, he rushed through the savage crowd. He would have got off even then, perkaps, if it had not been for a petroleuse, a veritable shedevil, who gave the view-halloo, and rushed after him with half a dozen ruffians. He fell at the corner of a side street-that new street to the left yonder-the woman thought.

Kathleen listened to the woman's story. questioning her closely at every stage. She was so calm in her white despair, she lisrened and pondered the details of the tragedy with such a tranquil air, that one could have hardly guessed that each word was a deathblow.

"Do you recognize this young man as any one belonging to you?" asked the wo man, compassionately. "I believe he was my husband."

"Heavens, that is sad!" "Whose fault was it? Whose work the nassacre? Can you tell me that?"

"They say hereabouts that it was Serizier, Colonel Serizier. He was at the head of it all. He ordered the Dominicans and the others to be brought here; he ordered them to be shot; he was there, in the midst of the massacre, directing his men, encouraging those vile women who were even more savage than the federals; his own hand fired upon those helpless priests; he mocked them with abusive epithets; he was pitiless, devilish, murder incarnate. You look ready to sink with fatigue," said the seamstress, moved with pity for Kathleen, whose eyes were fixed and glassy as the eyes of death; "come up to my room and rest; it is a poor place, but you are welcome. And I can give you a cup of coffee and a bit of bread; it is not so bad as in the

siege." "Not so bad? the streets were not drowned in blood then," said Kathleen. "No you are very good, but I am not tired," with a ghastly smile. "I will go and look at the corner where he fell. Stay, what did they do with the bodies?"

"The Verzaillais came an hour after and

arried them all away." "Where-where?" gasped Kathleen. But the woman could not tell her. Among so many wagon-loads of dead, who could tell, who cared, whither one part cular batch had been taken? Perhaps they had all been carried to that gaping chasm she be well enough to come cown to see heart. behind the chapel at Pere la Chaise, into Rose and the baby? The mother had an which the federal corpses were flung en idea that Kathleen would find the little one ly. "Maman Schubert said he was at the human besste; and the which which the federal corpses were flung en idea that Kathleen would find the little one ly. "Maman Schubert said he was at the human besste; and the which which the federal corpses were flung en idea that Kathleen would find the little one ly. "Maman Schubert said he was at the human besste; and the which which the federal corpses were flung en idea that Kathleen would find the little one ly. "Maman Schubert said he was at the human besste; and the which which the federal corpses were flung en idea that Kathleen would find the little one ly. "Maman Schubert said he was at the human besste; and the which which the federal corpses were flung en idea that Kathleen would find the little one ly."

sight to freeze one's blood.

Kathleen left her, and walked wearily to that side street, a narrow, shabby street, doors and windows were all closed; most of the houses had an evil aspect. There was no one standing about whom she could question.

A lew paces from the corner of the street at the foot of a lamp post, she saw the spot where the victim had fallen. A pool of blood had stained the summer dust. It was dry now, but she could see how the corpse had lain in blood and mire. The figure had printed its outline on the ground There was no other trace of the massacre about. One victim, and one only, had fall-

She knelt beside that awful stain; she watered it with her passionate tears, the first she had shed throughout her pilgrimage of two-and-twenty hours. The church clocks were striking four. Yesterday morning at six she had left the Rue Git le Cœur. And now she had come to the end of her journey; she had found her restingplace. She knelt alone, unnoticed, with her hands clasped over her face, praying. first for her beloved, for the repose of his soul; then followed a prayer less pure, less Christian, for revenge upon his murderer, the destroyer of her happiness.

Who was the murderer? Not the blind, mad mob not even the devilish woman. the petroleuse, lashed into crime and murder by the scourges of insurgent tyrants. Serizier, the man in authority, the wreach who brought all those good fathers from their peaceful seclusion to the jail and the shambles. It was Serizier of whom she thought when she praved for vengeance.

"Let it come, O Lord; long or late, let thy thunder come and strike him as he struck them! Let thine hour of vengeance be sure and swift! Lo, here, looking up to Thee, I swear never to know rest or respite till I have tracked him to his doom!"

When she had exhausted her passion in prayer, she calmed herself, and began to think.

She was tired to the point of being fain to cast herself down upon the dusty road, and to lie there till sleep or death came to killed with the good fathers. But why give her rest from the fever of her brain and the dull aching of her bones. But she | mar? struggled heroically a ainst this overpowering lassitude, and went back to the boulevard, and hobbled on till she came to a workman's cafe that opened early for the accommodation of the neighborhood. Here she entered, and seated herself at a table near the door.

She ordered some coffee, and the waiter brought her a roll and butter. She had eaten nothing except one piece of bread since she had left home. The coffee and the food revived her, and she was able to From one and from another, from many in- look about her, and listen to the eager formants, who all seemed to tell their story voices of the blouses and soldiers, as they sat eating and talking, smoking, drinking all at once, as it seemed to her, with their elbows on the table, seen judistinctly in a cloud of tobacco.

Suddenly some one mentioned a name which riveted Kathleen's attention to the next table. The name was Serizier. They were discussing the delegate of the 13th arrondissement, the commander of the 101st battalion.

"They say that he has decamped, this good Serizier, the hero of our battles." said one of the men.

"It was time." answered a soldier: "our cavalry were at the end of the street when he took to his heels. They have been hunting for him ever since, but the rat has run into some hole where he is not easily found. We shall have him, though. Such butchers must not be allowed to escape. Those good Dominican Fathers! No, the canalle shall not get off!"

"He is a man of yesterday, this Serizier, a creation of the 18th March, is he not?" asked the other.

"He is communard among the communards. He is a currier by trade, but he got into trouble under the empire, and was a refugee in Belgium up to the 4th of September. He hates all priests with a diabolical ferocity, and has prided himself upon desecrating the churches by his brutal orgies. He is more tiger than man; but we shall cut his claws and draw his teeth

when we find him." "When we find him, yes!" answered the other, lolling over the table, and eating his

soup with an air of luxurious repose. There was no more said about Serizier. and Kathleen left, after paying for her refreshment, and walked homeward slowly, feebly, in the bright, cool morning. The sun was rising over the heights beyond Paris. It was shining on the faces of the dead, on the dreadful crimson dye which stained the streets, on rags and tatters. and fragments of arms strewed thicker than autumn leaves on roadway and pave-

It was nine o'clock when Kathleen toiled slowly up the staircase, and knocked with tremulous hand at her sister's door. That last portion of her pilgrimage bad been the slowest of all. She had crawled along, against the passers-by, and had been accused of drunkenness more than once by Schubert opened the door, she tell into her arms, and sank from that matronly bosom

to the floor in a dead faint. The door of the inner room-Rose's bedroom-was ajar. The good Schubert lifted up Kathleen's lifeless form and laid it on the sofa. She ministered to her with the skillfulness of an experienced nurse, and then ran to close the door of communica- ried arms against the repulle would be tion, last Rose should hear too much. Already Rose had inquired several times for her sister. Was Kathleen better? Would

sixty corpses waiting for recognition, a opening flower. His breath was sweeter she told me. Are you glad of that, Kath- upon the head of the wicked, and on the than summer roses.

Durand was lying fown on a mattress spread upon the floor of the tiny kitchen. He had taken his turn at the barricade last night, and had received a bullet in the fleshy part of his arm. He was feverish turned away her head. with the pain of his wound, devoured by perpetual thirst.

"You good soul, what would become of us without you?" he said, as he took a glass of water from Maman Schubert's hand. "How can we ever repay you?"

"My friend, do you think I need any payment? What has a lonely old woman with a small annuity to do in this world except care for her neighbors? And Rose and Kathleen are to me as my own daughters. Did I not see them when they first entered Paris, footsore and dusty, but so gentle and so pretty in their weariness? Was I not the first to welcome them to this great city, which is now the city of death? Heaven help us! Lie still, and keep your mind tranquil, my friend, and as soon as I have given baby his bath-how he loves the water, the dear innocent!-1 will come and put a fresh dressing on that

Madame Schubert was surgeon, nurse, intermediary between the sick room and the outer world-everything, to the Durand household in their affliction.

From his bed in the kitchen Philip heard Kathleen's return-her feeble voice presently talking in low murmurs with Madame Schubert. She was safe: she had carnage she had passed unbarmed. Here, at least, was a blessed relief-one burden lifted from their weary hearts. But he, the the Cure of the Madeleine, Monsieur Bonhusband? What of him?

Kathleen told Madame Schubert the sto ry of her pilgrimage; told how she had knelt upon the blood-stained ground where her husband's corpse had lain. But the good Schubert refused to be convinced. would not see any sufficient evidence of Gaston's death. What did it come to, after all, this story which Kathleen had heard in the Avenue d'Italie? A young man, nameless, with dark hair and eyes, had been should that young man be Gaston Morte-

"There are enough young men in France, my faith, with dark hair and eyes, said Madame Schubert. "Has my husband come home?" asked

Kathleen. The good Schubert shrugged ker shoul-

ders and shook her head despondingly. "Alas, no!" "Then he is dead-no matter how or where. He is dead! Do you think that if

he were living he would forsake me?" asl a ed Kathleen.

"He may be a prisoner." "Would to God it were so! But I know; there is something here," touching her breast, "something stronger than myselt, and fury as of thunder; the cannonade of and the company of the little one, who that tells me he fell yesterday-on that

"Kathleen," called a voice from behind the closed door, "Kathleen!" Rose had heard those murmurs in the

next room, and had recognized Kathleen's

Madame Schubert grasped Kathleen's arm as she was going to answer that call. "Don't go to her yet," she said. "You will frighten her with your ghastly face and your dust-stained gown. She was very ill yesterday, weak and feverish. She is weak to day, but the fever is better. She must not be agitated in any way. Go to your room, and wash and change your clothes,

and happy." "It will be easy," said Kathleen, with a ghastly smile. "Yes, I understand."

and come down presently looking bright

"And not a word about Gaston or you wanderings. We told her nothing but lies yesterday-told her that you were in your own bed, ill with a cold. Don't undeceive her new happiness, she was full of anxiety about you.

"I will be careful," said Kathleen. "I think I am getting used to sorrow. I ought to be able to hide it."

She obeyed Madame Schubert in every particular, and came back in less than an hour, fresh and bright, in her clean cotton gown and black silk aprox, her lovely hair brushed to silky softness, and coiled in a smooth chignon at the back of her head. She smiled as she kissed Rose. She sat beside the bed and rocked the taby on her knees, and talked to him, and coord at him, trying to awaken some faint ray of in. telligence in the little pink face, which seemed to the mother to be full of soul. "Do you think he has grown?" arked

Rose, fondly "I think he is wonderfully improved since the day before yesterday," answered Kathleen.

"Improved!" Rose felt inclined to re ent the word. Could there be room for mprovement in a being so perfect as that child had been from the very first hour of half asleep, hardly knowing where she was his life? But Kathleen had vague memoor what she was doing. She had stumbled ries of an unlovely reduces and spottiness in the infant's earliest idea of a complexion, and the soft, rosy tints of to-day seem an enraged citizen. And new, as Maman ed to her a marked advance in baby's development.

> "Philip will go no more to the barricades," Rose told Kathleen. "He was wounded in the shoulder yesterday-a very slight wound, praise to Heaven! but enough to prevent his fighting any more." Kathleen heard with a shudder. She

had heard people say that all who had caragainst a wall, citizen, your waistcoatopen so! and eight muzzles pointed at your

leen? I hope he will not preach revolution | hend of the good and just and innocess and any more. We have had enough of the gentle also, commune.

"Yes enough-more than enough," said Kathleen, her pule lips quivering as she

All that day the sisters spent together, Kathleen devoting herself to Rose and the baby, smiling upon both, speaking hopeful words; but after dark, when Rose had fallen asleep, Kathleen stole away from the sick room just as Madame Schubert reentered, af er having attended to her own ome affairs. Before Madame Schubert had time to ask her a question, Kathleen was gone. She ran up to her own room, put on her neat little bonnet and shawl, her thick black veil, and then back to those terrible streets, to the stiffing smoke, the glare of the configration, the tramp of soldiery, the cry of "Stand, or I fire!"

"Any news-any news of Colonel Serizier?" Kathleen asks of a group of women at a street corner.

But they do not even know who Serizing s. They are full of their own troubles, their own fears. One of these weeps for a husband whom she has not seen for four days; called out against his will-he, the peaceable father of a family--to go and work and fight and die at the barricades. Serizier? No; no one in the streets knew

anything about Serizier. What was this dark rumor which the loiterers in the streets repeated to each other with awe stricken faces? The hos returned. Through fire and smake and tages had been murdered at La Requette three days ago, slaughtered within the walls of the prison. The Archbishop of Paris jean, the President-eighteen victims in

Yes, it was true. True, also, that at five o'clock this afternoon, in the bright May sunshine, another band of bostages-priest soldiers, civilians-to the number of fifty two, had been done to death by a savage mob in the Rue Haxo, on the heights of Belleville; but this new horror had not yet become town talk.

It was one o'clock in the morning when Kathleen went home, worn out by wandering up and down the streets, standing at the corners or on the bridges listening to the passers by, to the people who stood at their doors; but nowhere could she hear anything that threw new light upon the tragedy in the Avenue d'Italie, or the wretch who had planned that blocdy deed.

> CHAPTER XI. EATHLEEN'S AVOCATION.

Whit-Surday. May on the threshold of beat and bluster against that feeble old under her watchful care. She would share heaven takes up the cannonade of earth, and echoes it with twenty-fold power. Tempestuous rain lashes the windows, like the heights of Belleville and Menilmontant. The insurgents reply with savage live alone, just now, I am not fit company fury, blind, reckless; deluging Paris with for any one. And again, if-if-"with a

And while the pitiless struggle still goes on upon the heights of Belleville, the day of reprisals has already begun for the insurgents. From Mazas they bring a hun dred and forty-eight prisoners; hastily huddled into the prison yesterday. In the stormy Sanday merning, Whitsuntide morning, they are marched to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, among the trees and that common grave, where the murdered archbishop and his companions lie in their bloody shrouds, the federal prisoners, are divided into batches of ten, and shot to her. She is so happy, poor soul, nursing death. They die bravely, joining hands occupation of arranging her rooms, dusting her first baby. Yet, even in the midst of and crying, "Long live the commune!" with their last breath.

In the prison of Little Roquette, at about the same hour, two hundred and twentyseven insurgents meet the same doom; not quite so boldly, for some of these, said an eye-witness, were snivellers, and begged for each.

The final hour has come; those shells are verily the death-rattle of the commune. Thirty thousand men are said to be concentrated upon this point of Paris, where they have built up giant barricades, almost impenetrable fortresses, communicating with each other by underground passages, a wonder of rough and ready masonry and skill. They are held in this supreme hour by men of desperate courage, men who have sworn not to surrender

Two o'clock on that stormy Sabbath and so far there has been neither rest nor respite. Cannon, mitrailleuse, chassepot, thundering, rattling, roaring, hissing; but now, as the afternoon wears on, there comes intervals of silence. The cannonade pauses to draw breath. The sounds of battle seem wore remote-they die away in the distance. Then silence, Silence! Are they all dead?

This is Sunday, the day when the labor er rests from his toil; but to-day there has been only one laborer, and his name is

Evening, and for the first time for many weeks and many days to more cannon. Oh, happy silence, silence of peacel Or should we not rather say silence of death? A column of six thousand prisoners who

along the boulevard; and this is verily the earth to devoue and destroy, as in the day of the prophet; only, the dogs have been

On the 7th of June came the funeral procession of Monsignor Darboy, the third Archbi hop of Parls murdered within a quarter of a century. Under a gray and sunless sky the car, with its long train of mourners, soldiers, people, solemnly silently, defiled along the quays, past the still smouldering rains of palaces and mansions. No roll of drams, no funeral music broke that awful silence; only the rhythmical tread of the soldiers, the hullow rumole of guncarriages. In the dumbness of a broken-hearted city, a city reeking with blood newly shed, the martyr was carried to his tomb in the great cathedral -last stage of a journey that had known so many dismal halting-places-from prison to prison, and then to the common grave at Pere la Chaise, from there to the bed of state in the archiepiscopal palace. and now to the final resting place among the historic dead.

In the Rue Git le Cour life had resumed its wanted way, save for one empty place. Rose was again astir, the careful manager, the attentive wife, nursing her baby, busy with her domestic work, cleaning, cooking keeping the little apartment as neat and bright as a palace. There were flowers on the window-sill again, a bunch of flowers on the table at which Philip wrote or read a bequet of lillies of the valley, pure spotless, telling no tale of a ruined city, a humiliated and impoverished nation. Within, by the domestic hearth, all was peace. Philip's arm was slowly mending He was able even to work a little at the famous carved sideboard in his workshop. or to bring one of the panels into his wife' sitting-room, to sit there by the open window, chiselling a group of fruit, bird, or fish, and whistling softly to himself as he worked, while Rose set in her rockingchair crooning to her sleeping babe.

And Kathleen, the widowed, the hear proken, what was her life in these days of restored peace? She was very quiet. She bore her sorrow with a silent resignation which was more pathetic than loud wailings or passionate tears. But Rose would have liked better to see her weep more. That bloodless face, those fixed and hollow eyes, that slow and heavy step -the step which had once been so ligh and swift upon the stair-those long inter vals of silence and apathy, were not these the indications of a broken heart?

Rose Durand did all in her power to comfort the mourner. She tried to persuade her sister to surrender the apart ment on the upper story, and to occupy a June, the very dawn of summer, but the little room off Philip's work-shop-a mere sun, which hitherto has shone with pitiless | closet; but Rose could furnish it, and make searching light upon scenes of death and it a pretty nest for her darling; and then horror, shines no more. Stormy winds Kathleen would be her child again, always showed himselt full of intelligence, would soothe and amuse her.

"You are very good, dear," answered the spray from a seething ocean. The Kathleen meekly, when this scheme was cannon of Montmartie thunders against pressed upon her; "you and Philip have been all goodness to me. But I like to profound sigh, "if-he should come back, and find his room altered, his books disturbed-it would seem as if I had not

really loved him " Rose was silent. Till this moment she had supposed that Kathleen was absolutely convinced of her husband's death; that the black gown she wore was the sign of hopeless widowhood; but t'ese words told of a lingering hope, and after this the flowers, and the marble monuments of Rose no longer urged her sister to give up the distinguished dead, and there, hard by the apartment. It was better she should go on hoping until the thin thread of hope wore out, than that she should sink all at once into the gulf of an absolute despair, Better, too, that she should have the daily Gaston's books, opening a volume now and then and looking at a page, as if it held his own words. There were pages of Musset's poetry which seemed to speak to her in their brief married life. She knew all his lotte Corday or Salammbo. That girl is books, and knew the measure of his love

In all her wandering, Kathleen had as yet heard nothing of the missing Serizier. The people whom she questioned were either densely ignorant, or they were inbarricades at Belleville yonder, or that he had been shot at Mazas with a gang of insurgents.

At last, however, one tender June evening, when the storied windows of Notre Dame flung broken colored lights, like scattered jewels, upon the placid bosom of the Seine, hard by the Morgue, which lay low in the shadow yonder, like the black hull of some slave-ship, Kathleen, standing by the low parapet, listening to the deeptoned harmonies of the distant organ, heard two men talking of Serizier.

"He got off, sure enough," said one. "He was cleverer than Theophile Ferre, or Raoul Rigault, or Megy, and the rest of them. I met him after dark, on the 25th of May, in the Place Jeanne d'Are. He was in a fever of fright, poor wretch. She helt the Louise every marning before shaking from head to foot with agitation seven-sometimes even before six. She had and excitement. After all, there is a been observed to go out as early as five. difference in killing and being killed, and She came home again at any hour between Serisier thought his turn had come. His nine and eleven, breakfasted alone in her boots and trousers were red with the blood own sitting room, did her hensework, her of the Dominicans, and he complained of little bit of marketing, and then slept or have surrendered at Belleville slowly defile having to wear a uniform that was likely rested for an hour or two. Then, latish in to betray his identity. He was colonel of the afternoon, she went out again, to setura end. Yes, the cup of desolation has been | the 101st battalion, you may remember, after dark. shot. A short shrift, and your back drained to the dregs. There have been the and had been very proud of his uniformsword to slay and the dogs to tear, and the bull dog that he was Well, he had never fowls of the heaven and the beasts of the done me any good turn that I could remember; but one is glad to hide a hunted masse after the battle of Asnieres. The grown. He seemed to develop so quickly. Office all yesterday. His newspaper is to Lord has gone forth with fury a continu- in the Rue Chateau des Rentiers, and that did not venture to question her. She had seamstress had seen that common grave, He was all perfume and bloom, like an be revived now hat Paris is more tranquil, ing whirlwind, and it has fallen with pain I could get him shelter in her lodging.

AL ROSE OF SECURE PROPERTY OF EACH PARTY. which was on the ground floor, at the back looking into a walled yard-a safe kennfor any dog to bide in. He jumped at the offer, and I took him to my sister's place. gave him a supper, and a bit of carnet to lie upon, and a blouse and a pair of lines trousers in exchange for his fine feathers. and lent him a razor to cut off his military mustable; and at break of day he left us. lean shaved, and dressed like a work-

"And you conclude that be got out of Paris that morning?" asked the other

"He was a fool if he did not, having a fait chance."

"The question is, whether he had a chance. That hall-day muzzle of his would not be easily forgotton, and the government was hard on his track on account of the alaughter of the Dominicans, which really was a little too much; even we of the International thought he had gone 100 far. I should think it would be easier for him to hide in Paris just then."

"Perhaps; but there has been plenty of time since for him to get clear off. I dare sny he is living by his craft as a currier in in one of the big previncial towns. He would have to live by his trade, for I know he carried no money with him when he made off that morning." "A currier! Here was something

gained, at least," Kathleen thought, Until this moment she had not known the original avocation of the warrior Serizier, the commandant of the famous 101st, the hero of Issy and Chatillon, A currier! Here was a falling off indeed for the Ajna

of the gutter ! One of the big provincial towns! Alas. this was indeed a vague clue. Rouen, Havre, Lyons, Tours, Rennes-the names of a dozen great cities came into Kathleen's mind as she went slowly homeward, downcast and disheartened. He lived; that was something for her to know. He lived to expiate his crime, to suffer as she suffered, to reitder blood for blood. Her life, her brain, her heart should be devoted to the task of finding him; her hand should point him out to the law he had outraged.

All that night Kathleen by broad awake, staring at the casement opposite her bed; and when day dawned-the sweet summer dawn that came so soon-she sprang up, and began to wash and dress. Her plan was formed.

She was in the streets before any of the shops were opened, before workaday Paris -no sluggard, whatever her vices-was beginning to stir. At eleven o'clock she was in a small office in the Marais-an office to which she had gone with Rose years ago, soon after their first coming to Paris, to inquire for work. It was a registry for servants, for clerks in a small way, and for slopmen. Here she asked how many curriers' workshops there were in Paris. She thought the e would be several-ten per-

haps, or even twenty. The agent gave her a trade directory, opened it for her at a page headed "Curriers." There were two hundred and thirty. two workshops, at any one of which the man Serizier might be plying his trade.

"It will be longer than I thought," Kathbeen said to herself, as she stood at a desk in the shadow at the back of the little offi e. copying that long list of names and

Two hundred and thirty-two workshops! There were names of streets which she had never heard of districts suburbs of whose very existence she was ignorant. The work of copying those addresses alone occupied her for nearly two hours; she was so careful to write every address correctly, to be sure

of every name. When her task was done she gave the agent two francs for the use of book, ink and paper, and asked him where she could buy a good map of Paris. He directed her to a shop in the next street, where she got what she wanted; and this done, she went

From that hour Kathleen's health seemed to improve; both mentally and physically there was a change for the better. Her eve had a steadier light; there seemed less of exaltation, of feverish excitement. Herwhole being seemed braced and strength. ened as if by some heroic purpose. Yet there were times when the light in those steadfast eyes, the marble lines of the firmly set lips, were almost awful.

What a woman that is, that sister-in-law of yours!" said Durand's artist friend, the greybeard who had been one of the witnesses at the double wedding. "That face would be magnificent for Jael or Judith, for Charcapable of any thing strange of heroic or deadly. She has the tenacity of an Indian!

Durand smiled sadly and incredulously. Poor child, how little you know her!" he responded. "You clever men are so easis different, shrugged their shoulders, believed by led away by a fancy. Kuthleen is one that Serizier had been kilted on one of the of the gentlest souts I know. She adored her husband, and her grief at his death has turned her a little here," pointing to his forehead. "But she is incapable of any violent act."

"She is as capable of a great crime in a great cause as Charlotte Corday was: the gentlest of souls, she, till she took the knife n her hand to slay one whom she deemed the scourge of her country. I am not led away by fancies, Durand, Faces are open pages to the eye of a painter. I can read that one, and know what it means."

Philip wok this as the illusion of an habits oal dreamer, and attached no weight to the opinion. Kathleen had given them no cause for uneasiness since she had commenced her search for Serigier. Her life passed with almost mechanical regularity.

This was her manner of life, as seen by her sister and her sister's husband. They puzzled themselves exceedingly as to the nature of the employment which obliged beast when the hounds are close upon him; her to keep such curious hours. They talk (Continued on Fourth Page.)